

185

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Will Christendom Remain Silent?

By
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"When will the American ships and soldiers come to protect us?" That was the appealing cry from the lips of almost every surviving Armenian in the blighted country of the massacres—the inquiry that Mr. Creelman had to parry before being permitted to proceed with his questionings. The humanity of the great American nation has become world-famed. The spirit of practical philanthropy and Christianity with which we have responded to the misfortunes of other nations has penetrated the minds of even the ignorant masses of unenlightened countries. We undertook what we feared might be a great foreign war to free the Cubans from oppression. We took the lead in sending a combined army of the several chief war nations into China to put an end to the Boxer disorders. But here are forty thousand Christian people slain and many more thousands abused and despoiled—just *because they are Christians*—and not even an official public protest!—EDITOR.



THE most appealing figure I saw in all the scene of death and destruction that stretched over the Cilician Plain for a hundred miles was a bent, white-haired Armenian of seventy years who stood among blackened ruins of his Christian village, with a skull in his wrinkled hands and a pile of bones at his feet.

"He was my son-in-law," said the old man. "The Moslems surrounded Giaour Kur [the village], calling on their prophet's name and

screaming to us that they had orders not to leave a Christian alive in the whole country. We defended ourselves in our houses for three days, but our ammunition became exhausted. Some swam the river at night and escaped. Some got into the fields and hid in the wheat, but the Turks hunted them out with dogs and killed them all. The rest started for the city of Adana, but were hacked to pieces on the road. Our pretty girls were carried away as prisoners. Then every house in the village was plundered and burned. It is the same everywhere on this plain—there is not a single Christian house left standing."



"This was my son-in-law"

His face was blackened by the fierce sun, seamed and puckered by age and hard work; his quaint blue and red jacket was rent, and his sturdy legs were wrapped in loose white cotton; a faded black cap covered his head, and his feet were in cowhide moccasins. He spoke in a dreary monotone, now and then glancing nervously at the Turkish soldiers who accompanied me.

"They had no pity in their hearts," he said. "They killed every Christian they found, everywhere, everywhere"—extending his arms and shaking his white head.

The venerable survivor of the ghastliest massacre in history strode a few steps and stopped beside some charred bones.

"Here they burned a Christian alive," he said. "A poor fellow who had done them no harm."

Again he walked through the flower-carpeted field, starting up the singing larks as he went, and halted beside another blackened spot.

"Here they burned another Christian alive," he said. "They used wood and kerosene."

Trudging on slowly, he brought me to the foot of a tree where skulls and bones were scattered about, and beside them blood-stained clubs.

"These ran to climb the tree, but were caught; the dogs have eaten their flesh—Christian flesh," he explained.

It seemed unreal. The wide, sunlit landscape; the glow and perfume of flowers; the never-ceasing warbling of larks and skimming of swallows; the green stretches of young cotton and sesame; the yellow surge of ripe wheat—and silent Moslems, in red fezes or dirty white turbans, cheerfully gathering in the crops of the Christians they had murdered, while a group of slattern Turkish soldiers smoked cigarettes among the ruins of the silent and empty Christian village, which only a few weeks before had sheltered three hundred contented Armenians.

The old man studied my face eagerly.

"When will the American ships and soldiers come to protect us?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"What!" he pleaded, his lips trembling and his breast heaving. "The Christian nations will not abandon us? The Americans will come to save us? We are helpless. The Turks will kill us all. They have no mercy."

I left him standing beside the bones of his slain neighbors with bowed head and clasped hands, still hoping and dreaming that help would come from far-away America.

It is this amazing belief in the power and swift humanity of the American people that stirs the soul of an American who goes out over the blood-stained soil of the Cilician



Typical scene in a Christian wheat field. This is the body of a Greek who was trailed to his hiding-place by dogs



Gregorian school at Adana in which two thousand Christians were crowded when the mob burned it and slaughtered the inmates as they tried to escape

Plain, or moves among the thin, white-faced refugees crowded in the cities.

For more than half a century American missionaries have been working among the descendants of the Armenian kingdom which was established in the high lands about Mount Ararat five hundred years before Christ, the first kingdom in the world to accept Christianity. The Armenian people were slaughtered and robbed by Persians, Macedonians, Romans and Byzantines. Then the Arabs,

Kurds and Seljuk Turks alternately attacked them. In the eleventh century the Byzantines again swept into their country and extinguished their kingdom, when the unhappy people fled to the Cilician Plain, where they founded another kingdom and maintained it for three hundred years, but were finally conquered by the Egyptians.

Never since the apostle Thaddeus went from Christ to the Armenians have they abandoned Christianity, and through war after war, massacre after massacre, they have proclaimed their religion openly.

Hundreds of American lives and millions of

American money have been sacrificed in the attempt to raise the Armenians out of the dead ritualism of their ancient church into the active spiritual and moral life of modern Christianity, and to-day more than a half million dollars a year are spent through the American missions.

It makes one's blood leap to see the glorious work that has been done by brave American men and women in the heart of Asia Minor, a work of education, of compassion, of active rescue from poverty and despair.

The scene of this last great massacre—more terrifying and un-



A part of the great refugee camp at Adana. In the city alone 22,000 homeless and hungry persons, mostly women and children, had to be taken care of after the massacre



The first King of Armenia



The last King of Armenia

speakable even than the bloody sweep of Tamerlane and his Asiatic horde—is filled with monuments of American courage and devotion—missions at Mersina, Tarsus, Adana, Hadjin, Talas, Kassab, Antioch, Marash, Aintab and Lattakia, and more than a hundred native Christian churches scattered about the towns and villages of the great plain over which the armies of Xerxes, Cyrus, Mithridates, Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey, Harun-al-Rashid, Saladin and Ibrahim Pasha moved through centuries of conquest.

It was here the Moslem Arabs barred the way of Christian pilgrims to the sepulchre of Christ at Jerusalem and drew from Europe the mail-clad crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon, who camped on the very soil where whole Christian populations have been ruthlessly destroyed this year.

Nowhere in the world is there such a confusion of races and religions to be found as in this ancient battle-field where Europe and Asia have contended for thousands of years.

I have seen American missionaries feeding and comforting the refugees of five different religious sects in Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, beside the little hill where Marc Antony received Cleopatra when the Egyptian queen, disguised as Venus, sailed up the Cydnus, whose waters were, only a few weeks ago, filled with mutilated Christian corpses.

And out of this dreadful country, where I have traveled for fifty miles without seeing a single Christian house standing, and where I have seen dogs eating the bodies of murdered Christians, there rises a cry of appeal to America from widows and orphans and from men who starve and hide while the murderous Turks gather their crops and make worse than slaves of their wives and daughters.

It is easy for American statesmanship to ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But that was the answer of Cain to God.

Come with me to old Tarsus, whose buried magnificence lies beneath the grounds of an American mission founded by a New Yorker, and, in the sight of whole streets of burned Christian homes, stand beside me and listen to the gentle voice of a young Armenian widow of twenty-four years, Paka Sarajian, of the near-by mountain village Kozoolook.

She is slim and as graceful as a deer as

The Turks insist that it was the display of pictures like these that confirmed the Moslem population's suspicion of an Armenian revolution



Among the Christian ruins at Tarsus

she leans against a crumbling wall, clad in a red jacket and loose blue native trousers, her small oval face tanned by the sun, her great brown eyes shining with devotion and her pretty little childish mouth trembling as she talks. A white cloth is wound around her shapely head to conceal the fact that her hair was burned off. Her left arm is in a sling. She holds her ragged little son by the hand.

As she talks, a squad of dirty Turkish soldiers leer at her and groups of hungry and ragged Christians, who only a few days before were living in good houses, pass and repass between the American mission and the Turkish court-martial.

"There were eighty Christian families in the village of Kozolook," she says, "and I lived there with my husband who was a carpenter, and my four children, one a baby."

Her face twitches, and a big tear rolls down her face.

"On Friday, in the week of the massacres, the Turks from the surrounding villages came and persuaded all the men of our village to give up their arms, promising that they would protect them.

"Then they took us in different parties to their villages, telling us all the time that Christians would be safer with them. There were

thirty-six persons in my party, and they took us to the village of Chavooshlu, about a mile away. I trembled all the time, because I learned that they had murdered my husband. They shot him nine times before he died."

The forlorn little peasant beauty shivers and touches her son on the head with inexpressible tenderness.

"When we reached Chavooshlu we were shut up in a Turk's house until Sunday. Then a crowd of Turkish villagers, people who had always been our neighbors, came and said that they had orders from the govern-



Four Christian orphans of Adana. One was picked up on the road with a wound on its head



All that was left of a large Christian village. It will be observed that there are only three men alive

ment to kill us all. They had guns and swords and clubs. We begged for our lives. We kissed their feet. But they said we must die. It was the order of the government—all Christians must die. We had done nothing, nothing at all. It was because we were Christians.

"They took us to a field to kill us, and when I saw that there was no escape I threw my little baby in a mountain river and saw it drown."

Tears gush from the brown eyes, and a sob shakes the light, graceful figure.

"In the field



Armenian survivors of the massacre at Missis appealing to the American consul at Mersina for food. The old woman had fourteen members of her family murdered. The young woman, her daughter, saw the Moslems kill her husband and two of her children. The little group shown in this snapshot is without a living male relative

they told us to lie down in a line from east to west, and made their swords ready. We got on our knees and put our faces in the dirt. We crawled before them and kissed their feet. We begged them for the sake of God to let us die some other death. We asked them to shoot us in the head so that we might die at once. They answered that cartridges cost money and they did not propose to waste money on Christians. The government had ordered them to kill us, and it was cheaper to use swords than

guns—they would cut our throats; it was a good way for Christians to die.”

She writhes, bites her lips and cuddles her son. Her voice sinks to a whisper. Her eyes roll upward.

“Then we all stretched ourselves on the ground, I and my three little children, too—oh, my God, all I had left!—and the Turks raised their swords and hacked at the necks—oh! oh!”—she covered her eyes and bent her head—“and I heard my little ones cry out to me. They chopped the arms of one of my boys. They chopped the neck of another. How I escaped death I cannot tell. But I kept

one boy by my side. Then they made a pile of wood and hay and put all the bodies on it, some of them still living, and set fire to the



Mouchegh, the young Armenian bishop, whose appeals to the Armenians to arm themselves helped to bring on the great massacre

pile; and I heard my two dying children calling to me in the flames. But I held my other boy and kept still, pretending to be dead. Even when my little ones were burning to death I did not dare to move. They threw hay over me and set fire to it and my hair was burned off, yet I did not move or speak. Then a Turk helped me and my boy to get away and—” she hung her head.

Poor little Christian woman! She was in her rescuer's hands for three days before she reached Dr. Christie and his wife at the American mission of St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus.

“Am I my brother's keeper?” Is that to be the reply of Christian America to the widows and orphans of the thirty thousand



All that are left of a large band of Christians near Tarsus



Refugees in Adana gathering firewood from the wreck of their homes



The heart of the Armenian business quarter in Adana



Two hundred and fifty orphans of Christians murdered at Adana

Christians murdered in Asia Minor? All, all look across the contending European nations to America for some sign. That is the tremendous fact of the situation. Priests, bishops, merchants, peasants, old men, women, the starving, the wounded, the homeless and the hunted have all asked me what America is going to do now for Christ's people.

There is no doubt that Abdul Hamid secretly ordered the massacre of Armenians in Asia Minor from his palace in Constantinople. That fully explains the indifference or complicity of the public authorities of Adana. The fact that massacres began in Adana, Hamidieh, and Osmanieh simultaneously on the very day that the garrison of Constantinople murdered its officers and seized the parliament building, shows an exact concert between the despot and his agents in Asia Minor.

But the command of the guilty Sultan does not account for the indescribable barbarity of the mobs on the Cilician Plain, where men were burned alive in the presence of their wives and daughters, where not one Christian house was spared, and where Christian fugitives in the fields were for days hunted with dogs by men who had been their neighbors and had worked for years side by side with them. One Turkish farmer near Adana killed in cold blood Armenian laborers who had been in his service for twenty-five years.

No words can describe the horror of what occurred. The details are unprintable. I have heard stories from the few survivors on the spot that actually sickened me. There is nothing in the history of the most savage Indian tribes of America comparable to this outburst of cruelty and lust in which the Christian population of a widespread, fertile country was almost totally annihilated.



Armenian refugees in the compound of the American school at Tarsus

The Turkish government may protest that the figures have been exaggerated, but I have seen enough with my own eyes to know that the consular estimates of thirty thousand deaths are moderate. In the country districts the massacre was not confined to Armenians, but Greeks, Chaldeans, Syrians, Mesopotamians; and other Christians were slain without distinction and their houses looted and burned.

In my journey among the destroyed villages I asked many Turks to explain how it came

that in a single day the people of a prosperous farming country could change into wild beasts. The answer invariably was that the Armenians intended to rise in arms and establish an independent kingdom, and that it was only fair that loyal Turks should defend themselves. Here and there a Moslem spoke of photographs representing Armenians dressed as kings, princes or armed warriors.

It is undoubtedly true that a few Armenians prepared the way for the great massacre.



First fruits of the court-martial at Adana. The two men hanging on the right side are Armenians. The three others are Turks. There were six Armenians and nine Turks hanged on the same day



Devastation of Christian homes on the ancient Cydmus River, near Tarsus

When the Turkish Constitution was proclaimed last year and it was announced that Christians and Moslems were equal, the meaning of the new order of things was misunderstood by both sides in Asia Minor. The Armenians, availing themselves of their rights, began to arm. In Mersina and Adana baskets of revolvers were peddled in the streets. Shop windows were filled with arms and cartridges. In all the villages and on the farms the Armenians bought revolvers or guns.

To appreciate the effect of this upon the Moslems it must be understood that in Asia Minor they look upon Christians as infidels and inferiors, and that the mere thought of an Armenian being the equal of a true believer is almost intolerable. Moslem supremacy is the unalterable law of their life. The follower of Mohammed is willing to live on terms of peace with the follower of Christ so long as Moslem authority and Moslem superiority are not called into question. In a sense, the attitude of the Moslem towards the Chris-



Homeless Christian women and children at Tarsus. Their natural protectors were murdered

tian is the attitude of the white men of the Southern States towards the negro. The more intelligent recognize in the abstract a limited legal equality of all Ottoman subjects, without regard to race or religion; but they expect the Christian, and particularly the Armenian, to claim his rights humbly. There is no color line in the country. One sees negro officers in the army, negro officials in the government and negro guests in the best houses. But the Christian white man dare not aspire to the status of a negro Moslem. The Armenians, who were for generations reduced almost to serfdom by the fierce Kurds in their mountain fastnesses, are especial objects of hatred and contempt.

Not only did the Armenians arm themselves and openly display their weapons—a privilege never before assumed by Christians—but the two Armenian patriotic societies, the Hunchag and the Droschag, became very active. Meetings were held, and orators exhorted the Armenians to remember their glorious past, when the country was ruled by Armenian kings. Rude portraits of the old Armenian kings were sold in the streets of Mersina, Tarsus, Adana and other places, and the Armenians adorned their walls with them.

Meanwhile Abdul Hamid, eager to upset the Constitutional government and regain his old power, had caused the Mohammedan League to be organized, and, under the inspiration of his secret emissaries, the attention of the ignorant masses of Asia Minor was skillfully directed to the new activity of the Christians.

Gradually the fierce and unlettered Turks, Kurds, Arabs, Circassians, and all the strange peoples that make up the Moslem power in Asia Minor, got into their minds that the Armenians were preparing to overthrow the Ottoman power and set up an independent Christian kingdom. The imperial assassin at Constantinople employed all his evil genius to spread this idea. The leading Moslem merchants and land-owners in the province of Adana, jealous of the progress and prosperity of the Armenians, who owned the best shops and farms, lived better, dressed better, and, with the Christian Greeks, controlled the business of the country, helped to fan the flame of Moslem hate and suspicion. Kurds, Turks and Arabs, accustomed of old to plunder Christian houses and capture Christian women, looked forward with delight to the prospect of an armed struggle with the presumptuous infidels.

It is only fair to say that the great mass of the Armenians were innocent of any revolutionary design. They were peaceable, industrious and as loyal as any oppressed subjects could be expected to be. The evidence on this point is overwhelming.

Within the two Armenian patriotic societies was a secret military organization of about two hundred young men, known as the Faydayee. These warriors were sworn to surrender their lives absolutely to the Armenian cause. They were thoroughly armed and drilled and they practised with rifles almost daily in the vineyards, even in the presence of Moslems. Their chief was a young Armenian named Bezdikian; but their most redoubtable captain was Garabet Letchilian, a pale, slender youth, with long blond hair falling about his thin shoulders. Their oath bound them to obey their officers' orders until death.

Another trouble-maker was a young, black-bearded Armenian bishop, Mouschegh [Moses], who went about in his black robe making fiery speeches. He was a rollicking, wine-drinking, carousing fellow, who boasted that while other priests might show the way to heaven, his business was to lead the way to political progress and liberty. Again and again he publicly urged the Armenians to arm themselves. He declared that it was the duty of a true Armenian to sell the clothes from his back and buy arms, to eat less and buy arms, to stint his wife and children and buy arms, to sacrifice his home and buy arms.

Poor, helpless dreamers! While they made speeches, bought arms and hung pictures of Armenian kings in their houses, the Moslem millions about them sharpened knives and swords, prepared heavy clubs, and got in new stores of ammunition for their rifles and revolvers.

Six weeks before the first massacre—if the first fight may be called a massacre—there was a powerful reactionary agitation among the Moslem masses all over the country. The Constitution was bitterly criticized. The Christians were getting too pretentious. The Armenians were organizing a revolution. Islam was in danger. So the story ran from city to city, village to village, and farm to farm. Turk, Arab and Circassian looked with deadly, greedy eyes upon his Christian neighbors. The subtle mind and matchless methods of the Armenian-hating monster in the Yildiz palace was at work everywhere. The Mohammedan League spread exagger-

ated accounts of what the Christians were doing and intended to do. The air was full of suspicion and hatred.

Meanwhile the oath-bound Fedayee, under their leader and blond-haired fighting captain, continued to practise with their rifles in the vineyards; the Hunchag and Droschag societies continued to hold patriotic meetings in various parts of the city of Adana; the young Armenian bishop continued to go about exhorting his people to buy arms at any sacrifice, and the Armenians, generally ignorant of the deep passion of the Moslem hordes, continued to display pictures of old Armenians in their houses.

Armenian exiles returned from Europe and America and helped to work up the excitement. They harangued the people night and day. Why should Armenia not have the same rights as Bulgaria? The country was an Armenian kingdom before the Turks came. It was Armenian soil.

To add to the intensity of the situation the Armenians gave a theatrical performance in Adana, in which a young woman in a black robe, with bound hands, and wearing a crown of thorns, represented Armenia. An angel appeared and announced that the cause of Armenia's troubles was the failure of Armenians to unite. Thereupon the black-robed figure had a vision in which the Armenian nation abandoned its dissensions and joined hands for the sake of liberty. Then the angel reappeared, unbound Armenia's hands, put a resplendent robe on her and replaced the crown of thorns with a golden crown.

So guiltless of any intentional threat was this allegory that when the performance was repeated in Mersina, the Armenian priest in charge invited a number of Turkish officers to attend.

Once more the Mohammedan League scattered far and wide the news that Armenians were actually dressing themselves up as royal princes and that the day of battle was drawing near.

Early in April there was a brawl in the city of Adana between an Armenian and some Turks over a disreputable woman. The Armenian wounded three Turks, and one of them died. His funeral was made the excuse for a great demonstration against the Armenians, and threatening speeches were made by excited Turks. There was a great Turkish

mass-meeting on the night of Tuesday, April 13th, near the Konak, or government building, under the direction of the Mohammedan League. An Armenian who ventured near the scene was caught by the crowd and clubbed to death. His friends carried the news about the Armenian quarter of the city, and the two hundred oath-bound Armenian riflemen, the Fedayee, got themselves in readiness.

The whole city was in a thrill of excitement on Wednesday morning. All Moslems appeared in white turbans—a dreadful signal that Christians have learned to understand—a Turkish mob gathered in the streets near the Armenian shops, armed with knives and clubs, which they tried to hide under their coats. The Armenians began to close their shops. The Turks put marks on their own shutters to distinguish them from the property of Christians—another fearful sign.

There was a meeting of American missionaries in Adana that morning, and Dr. William N. Chambers, head of the Adana mission, accompanied by his nephew, Lawson P. Chambers, called at the government building to beg the Governor to take steps to restore order and confidence. There they found the heads of the Gregorian, Armenian Catholic and Armenian Protestant communities. The Governor, a meek, cowardly little man, and a favorite of Abdul Hamid, joined with several of the prominent Turks of the city in assurances that peace would be maintained.

Soon the narrow streets of Adana were filled with screaming, armed mobs, all moving towards the Armenian bazaars, the finest shops in the city. All wore white turbans and all were armed. The rush of their feet and the angry roar of their voices could be heard for a great distance. They brandished daggers, pistols and clubs. The crush of their bodies almost filled the streets from wall to wall. One mob was led by a mullah, or Moslem priest, in a huge green turban. Another followed a mullah who shook a green banner and cursed all Christians. Butchers waved sharp cleavers, carpenters held aloft their axes and knives. Some chanted verses from the Koran, some shrieked for vengeance, others called for the looting of the shops. Soon the street of the Armenian bazaars was packed with a raving, furious multitude of Turks, Arabs, Circassians, Afghans, the most ignorant, fanatical and blood-thirsty mob that the world could furnish, faces contorted with rage, eyes blaz-

ing and voices swelling shriller every moment.

Ordinary Armenians withdrew from that spectacle. The oath-bound secret soldiers of the Fedayee gathered in the middle of the market-place. Their young, boyish captain, with his long blond hair streaming from under a red-topped cap, stood among them, white-faced but resolute. He called upon them to show themselves to be true Armenians and true Christians.

The Moslem mob pressed closer and closer. It howled and leaped in the air.

Suddenly a few Armenian shops were attacked, the crashing of shutters was heard, and the mob began the work of looting.

Instantly the Fedayee began firing their revolvers in the air. At this the mob surged forward and began a general pillage of the Armenian shops.

Under the direction of their leader, the members of the Fedayee and their friends now fought a regular battle in defence of the Armenian quarter. They posted marksmen in the windows commanding strategic points. They threw up barricades in the streets. They poured volleys from the roofs. Scores of Moslems fell under this steady and careful fire. The mob wrecked many of the shops, but it could not penetrate into the Armenian residential quarter. As the young Armenians picked off their enemies the streets were red with Moslem blood.

At the beginning of the shooting the Ferik Pasha, or Turkish military commander—a cowardly brute who was largely responsible for a former Armenian massacre—came to the market with a few soldiers, followed by a frenzied mob; but at the first sound of firing he fled to the government building and did not show himself again till the tragedy was all over.

While the battle went on, a part of the mob rushed to the government building and called on the governor to give them arms to defend themselves against the Armenians. At this time the Moslems had gotten the worst of the fight and the trained Armenian marksmen were in command of the situation. The governor was in a white funk. His eyes rolled, his hands trembled. A body of Turkish soldiers posted on the bridge over the ancient Sarus River, the very bridge that witnessed one of the most thrilling battles of history, had for a time kept the maddened Turks of the outside villages from entering the city, but the crowd had forced its way over the bridge

and joined its cries to those of the Adana mob. The governor allowed two Armenians to be hacked to death in his presence.

There was no government left; the city was given up to anarchy, save where the consecrated Fedayee kept the Armenian quarter from invasion and slew Moslems without ceasing. Men claiming to be reservist soldiers received military rifles from the arsenal and at once joined the mob. The attack on the Armenians now became more terrible as the government rifles were brought into play, but they stood their ground; and in the midst of the battle squads of the Fedayee were sent even into the Turkish quarter to conduct Christian women and children to places of safety in the churches and schools.

A few Armenian shops and residences were set on fire, and as the inmates ran into the streets or jumped from the low roofs they were stabbed and slashed pitilessly, with cries of, "There is your liberty!" "There is your equality!" "There is your new Constitution!"

The battle went on, night and day, for two days and a half. Thousands of Armenians, mostly women and children, took refuge in the American mission school, in the house of Dr. Chambers, in the house and factory of the British dragoman, in a German factory, and in the schools of the French Jesuits and nuns.

In time the Moslems mounted roof-tops and climbed into the minarets of the mosques. They also took possession of a clock tower. From these high points they were able to kill the Armenians with ease. The tide of battle seemed to be changing.

Then the long-haired captain of the Fedayee and a band of his most trusted comrades disguised themselves as Moslems by winding white turbans about their heads. They made their way to the nearest mosque, killed its keepers and, mounting the minaret, opened fire on the men in the other minarets and in the clock tower. For hours the battle in the air went on and roars of anger went up from the mob as it saw Moslem after Moslem fall in the minarets. When his ammunition was exhausted, the Armenian captain withdrew his men from the minaret, rejoined his comrades, took the turban from his head and, with his fair hair tangled about his face, resumed the battle in the streets.

It is said that this one Armenian fighter killed thirty-seven Turks with his own hands in a single place on the second day of the

struggle and that at times his white, pinched face and blue eyes would light up as though he were inspired. Yet he was but a boy of twenty years who had closed his shoemaker's shop to teach Christian children in the Gregorian school, and then had abandoned his books and scholars to strike for liberty.

The whole world has heard the story of how Major Doughty-Wylie, the gallant soldier, who was serving as British Vice-Consul at Mersina, went to Adana on the first day of the fighting, forced the trembling Turkish Governor to give him a small body of soldiers, posted guards at the American mission and school, furnished protection to imperilled foreigners, and rode about the crazed city, entreating, threatening and persuading the Moslem mob, until a bullet broke his arm on the second day. The world also knows how the two American missionaries, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Maurer, were murdered in cold blood while trying to save a widow's burning house that threatened the American school with destruction—murdered by Moslems who were plundering a Christian house and who had promised not to harm them.

On Friday, the third day, the ammunition of the Armenians was becoming exhausted, yet the Moslem fire was kept up, particularly from the roof-tops. Dr. Chambers, the tall, thin, gray-bearded head of the American mission, stood on the roof of his house and, waving a white flag, shouted in Turkish repeatedly, "Cease firing!" Turkish riflemen on another roof answered, "Let the Armenians surrender." The missionary waved his white flag again and cried, "They are ready to surrender to the government. Cease firing!" Then he shouted to the Armenians everywhere to put up white flags. Meanwhile one of the Jesuit priests at the French school asked a Turkish bugler to go to the roof of his building and sound, "Cease firing!" The bugler refused to move. Seizing the man by the throat, the priest actually forced him to the roof and compelled him to blow the signal. Then the firing slackened and a sort of truce was established.

Before night Dr. Chambers and a Jesuit priest signed a petition to the governor asking for protection.

The mob, which had burned several buildings, was threatening the American school and attempting to set fire to it. An Armenian preacher had been murdered in Dr. Chambers' arms. The Moslems were insisting that the Armenian refugees in the

American Mission should be surrendered to them for slaughter.

The gray missionary, haggard with anxiety and grief, had gone out into the mob and argued with it.

"You have spilled enough blood," he cried. "Be satisfied."

Until one old Moslem, moved by the courage of the Christian, had put his back against the wall of the American school and shouted, "My life for this building!"

The petition was taken to the governor by a friendly Turk, a body of troops appeared, the mob was dispersed and order was restored.

It was found that about six or seven hundred Moslems had been killed by the Armenians, whose own losses amounted to something like a thousand.

Then the members of the Fedayee and their blond-haired captain promptly fled from Asia Minor. It was the absence of this trained body that made the Armenians so helpless in the great massacre which followed. The general leader, Bezdikian, and one of his associates, were sheltered by the wounded British vice-consul in the house of his dragoon, but, search as they might, the Turks could find no trace of the little army that had defended the Armenian quarter so bravely.

It was a drawn battle in Adana, and the fury of the Moslems grew as they counted their losses and realized that the heroes of the Fedayee had escaped.

But in Osmanieh and Hamedieh practically all the Armenians had been slain and their houses robbed and burned. The mutilation of the dying and dead, the outrages on women and children, and the treatment of captives cannot be described.

While the fight in Adana was drawing to a close on Friday, about two hundred Moslem ruffians seized a railway train and went to Tarsus. They killed two unarmed Armenians at the railway station and, rushing into the town with shrieks and curses, were joined by native Turks and Afghans, when a general massacre and pillage of the Armenian quarter began. The mob first went to the government armory, where it was supplied with hundreds of rifles and plenty of ammunition.

Here the Armenians made no attempt to resist, but, such as were caught in the streets or houses, died like sheep. Three thousand

fled for refuge to the American school, which had a guard of four soldiers.

More than three hundred Christians were murdered in Tarsus and its surrounding fields and farms. But for the shelter of the American school the massacre would have been many times greater. At the time of the attack there were seven ladies there, including Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Gibbons and Mrs. Rogers, whose missionary husbands were absent in Adana, and two sisters of Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Cut off from communication with Adana or Mersina, with three thousand wailing men, women and children huddling about them; with the flame and smoke of the doomed Armenian quarter rolling towards them; sparks constantly starting small blazes in their buildings; men and women shot, stabbed or clubbed by the mob, being carried to them for help; these ladies saw the Moslems plunder the splendid stone houses of their victims, systematically pour kerosene on the floors and then burn them.

It is said that many of the most prominent Moslems in Tarsus assisted the mob in its work of destruction. The Armenians who survive say that among the murderers and incendiaries they identified nine soldiers and gendarmes, seven government guards, twenty mullahs or hejas [religious leaders], three sheiks and eleven civilian officials.

All day long in Tarsus the stabbing and shooting went on, the violation of women, the wrecking and burning of homes. The government did nothing to stay the mob. Men who knelt and begged for mercy were literally cut into pieces. Children were dashed to death against stones. Fourteen victims were tied and thrown into the river alive.

The massacre spread to the fields and farms and to the village of Kozolook in the mountains. Five victims were bound and burned alive. Nineteen young Christians were circumcised by force and had turbans put on their heads, while their torturers feasted and mocked them as converts to Islam; after which they were murdered in cold blood, lest they should repent. Even one of the students of the American school was compelled to submit to circumcision and wear a turban, but when he escaped to the school he tore the white wrapping from his head and declared himself a Christian. One old woman of Kozolook described to me how her husband and two sons were deliberately beaten to death

before her eyes, and, when a hundred and thirty-eight of the villagers had been killed, she was told that, as all the Christian men were dead, she had better give her two daughters-in-law to Moslem husbands.

I have walked among the ruins of Armenian houses in Tarsus, splendid, solid stone buildings, street after street filled with wreckage, and it seemed almost impossible that human hands could have wrought such destruction in one day. The jumble of shattered masonry and tumult of overturned walls suggested an earthquake. In the Armenian church, about which Christian women and children of good families were living in tents or crouching in corners, the savagery of the Moslems was shown in the broken marble altar railing, the slashed pictures of Christ and the Madonna, the charred wood of the altar and the torn Bibles.

At the American school, where Dr. Christie, one of the snowy-headed veterans of Shiloh, and his wife had been working day and night among the refugees, comforting widows and orphans, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, nursing the sick and dying, the survivors of the massacre told me stories of atrocities almost unbelievable. Here, too, the appeal was always for protection from America, the country that had done so much for oppressed Christians.

News of the battle in Adana, the resistance of the Armenians and the killing of hundreds of Moslems, ran everywhere on the Cilician Plain, where the story of a proposed Armenian kingdom had been talked over for weeks. The whole country seemed to go mad.

On the very day that peace was restored in Adana the Moslems sacked and burned every Christian house on the plain, murdering the men and carrying off the women and children. It was a wholesale orgy of blood and fire. I have travelled over a part of the district, and nowhere did I find a Christian house unburned or a Moslem house disturbed. Nothing in the annals even of that land of war and rapine is more appalling. The villagers tore their Christian victims like wild beasts, shouting the name of the Prophet and cursing all infidels.

More than two hundred villages were attacked. At Missis only a hundred and sixty-seven women and four men were saved out of a large Christian population. At Hamedieh

twelve were saved out of a male population of six hundred. At Osmanieh, out of a hundred and fifty families not more than twelve heads of families survived. At Baghche the whole male population was exterminated; not a Christian man escaped. At Kharmi, too, all Christian males perished. At Ayas sixty-five Christians were slain and two were saved, one by becoming a Moslem, and the other by hiding behind a rock. At Saigetche seventy-eight Christians were killed.

It was at Saigetche that a party of Armenian Protestant pastors, on their way to the American missionary conference at Adana, were stopped on the road and butchered. A beautiful and cultivated Armenian woman, whose son was a student at the American school in Tarsus, was dishonored by eighteen Moslems and then murdered.

While this dreadful tragedy was enacted, the wife of the mudvi, or head man, of the village sat on a balcony laughing and clapping her hands.

A Moslem mob besieged Hadjin, where Miss Lambert had charge of an American orphan asylum containing three hundred children. Here the Christians opened fire on their assailants, and beat them off for days. Miss Lambert telegraphed for help. One of her messengers were killed. Another was shot at. But, at last, through the efforts of the American vice-consul at Mersina, troops were sent from Missis under a reliable officer and Hadjin was saved, although the Christians of Missis were slaughtered as soon as the garrison of the village left.

So it was throughout the great plain. For a hundred miles the flame and smoke of burning villages and farm-houses could be seen in all directions. Rough troops of horsemen swept from place to place, followed by hordes of running field hands, with rifles, pistols, swords, scythes, daggers and clubs.

They shot the Christians in their houses, hacked them with their swords and scythes, beat their brains out, burned them alive. They trailed them through the wheat and barley fields with dogs, and for days the hunting of men became a regular sport.

When all the Christian houses were looted and destroyed, mighty herds of Christian cattle, sheep and goats, were driven eastward to the mountains, and camel trains of plunder passed over the plain with a multitude of captured Christian women.

This in the twentieth century! And not a

word of serious protest from the great Christian nations!

There was peace in the city of Adana for ten days, a horrible peace, with thousands of Armenians hiding in schools, churches and foreign factories.

But the more the Moslems counted their dead, the deeper was their desire for full vengeance on the Armenians who had so stoutly defended their homes. The heroic work of the young Fedayee, under their long-haired captain, was an unbearable challenge to Moslem pride. Elsewhere the damned infidels had been trodden under foot and their homes destroyed. In Adana alone had the Christians defeated the plan of extermination.

What right had the Christian missionaries to shelter Armenians while the Fedayee shot down true believers? What right had the British vice-consul to interfere in the affairs of the people and to shelter rebels? What right had a foreigner and infidel to station guards at the Gregorian school to keep the people from their Christian prey?

Christian and Moslem leaders showed themselves in the crooked, winding streets as a sign of peace; turbaned muezzins chanted the "La ilaha il Allah!" in the gray minarets of the mosques from which death had been showered upon Christian and Moslem; the teachers of Islam stalked about with their rosaries, counting the "Beautiful names of God"; the "Peace be with thee," and "On thee be peace," were murmured as usual in the market places; the sound of workmen's hammers rang out again; the cries of the lemonade peddlers rose from the lazy, many-colored throngs; and stately, dirty camel processions, brilliant with rugs draped over the wheat-bags, moved in from Cæsarea, Konia, Eregli, and other ancient cities beyond the Cilician Gates.

But, although the wrecked Armenian shops and the burned Armenian houses gave a certain sense of satisfaction to the city multitude, and it was reported that Christian corpses had been found in the sea thirty miles away, nay, even as far as Cyprus—while every slain Moslem had been laid in a good grave—the stories of carnage and annihilation that came in from the plain; the thrilling word-pictures of whole villages drenched with Christian blood and then obliterated by fire; of farming populations completely wiped out; of Christian women and girls dishonored and caged in

Moslem harems; of a vast country dotted with smoking ruins and cluttered with Christian corpses; and of triumphant Moslems, weary with the shedding of Christian blood, the destruction of Christian homes and churches, and the gathering of Christian loot, in tranquil possession of the rich Christian crops and herds—these tales of plunder and sated lust and hate roused a spirit of hell in Adana.

Away with this smirking peace! The warships of Christian nations smoked on the seacoast. Foreign officers and consuls were staring and shaking their heads at the Armenian ruins, and foreign missionaries were feeding the Armenian refugees or helping them to escape to other countries. Curses on them! It was foreign education and foreign sympathy that inspired the Armenians to plan a Christian kingdom and nerved their oath-bound riflemen to kill hundreds of Moslems. Let the word go forth secretly to all true believers. This time no Armenian would boast that he had not surrendered. This time the interfering Christians would see what kind of stuff the city was made of.

But no time was to be lost. Troops were on their way from the Macedonian army that had reestablished the Constitution, proclaimed equality between all races and religions and made a prisoner of Abdul Hamid. Whatever was to be done for the sake of vengeance and the vindication of Moslem superiority, must be done at once.

No act was committed by the Armenians or their friends to provoke the second outburst in Adana. It was a massacre pure and simple, inspired by hatred, revenge, and the desire for plunder. The Fedayee had vanished, the pictures of the Armenian kings were hidden away, the Hunchag and Droschag societies abandoned their meetings.

When the blatherskite young Armenian bishop, whose speeches advising his people to arm themselves had helped to bring on the first fight, left Egypt at this time and returned to Mersina, he was prevented from landing. He stormed and threatened, but a British captain compelled him to return to his ship. It was an order from a British man-of-war that kept the episcopal agitator from increasing the danger of the situation in Adana by his presence there. The steps taken to keep him out of the country were heartily approved by the Armenians generally, who were anxious to avoid further trouble.

This was the situation when, on the morn-

ing of Sunday, April 25th, the new troops arrived in Adana and went into camp. That day many Greeks and other favored Christians were secretly advised by Moslems to hoist Turkish flags on their houses. Something was to happen, but it would happen only to Armenians. In the days of the first fight many Greeks and other Christians were spared on condition that they should pay large sums for the purchase of arms to be used against the Armenians. The brother of the American consular dragoman at Adana actually paid \$528 to save his life, although three hundred Christian employees were killed on the two farms owned by his family, all the buildings burned, and more than a thousand animals carried away. But there was no blackmail in the second attack, which seemed to be directed against Armenians only.

On Sunday afternoon a few shots were heard in the city. Turkish soldiers claimed that Armenians fired on them while they were peaceably eating their supper. The Armenians insist that the soldiers began the trouble.

Then an unparalleled scene of horror followed. The Gregorian school, in which about two thousand Armenian men, women and children, including many invalids, were crowded, was set on fire and, as the refugees attempted to escape from the burning building, they were shot down like dogs by soldiers and the mob. As the flames wrapped the structure and ate their way into the interior, the cries of the terrified multitude within rose above the roar of the conflagration. The Moslem mob shouted for joy as they heard the screams and groans of the trapped Armenians and saw white-faced men, and women holding children in their arms, trying to reach liberty, only to be killed by the volleys which squads of soldiers fired steadily. To reach the street, the victims had to run along an outside gallery and down a stairway. In their determination to drive their victims back into the flames, the Moslems shot at them as they dashed along the gallery.

At the foot of the stairs stood a soldier who drove his fixed bayonet into breast after breast. Those who escaped the rifle fire died on his steel. He stood in a great pool of blood, with dead and dying Christians piled about him, his hands dripping and his face spattered with blood. Dying men and women clutched his legs as they sank to the ground. Behind him the mob roared deliriously, and a hail of bullets swept the build-

ing. It is said that the murderer's arms became so tired that he had to be relieved and another man put in his place.

A brave Jesuit priest managed to get several hundred of the Armenians out of the burning school, and led them to a place of safety. But it is probable that more than a thousand of the refugees were killed by the soldiers and mob, or burned alive. Up to the time the roof fell in and the heavy stone walls toppled down, the fire of the Moslem rifle was unceasing.

Hardly had the Gregorian school been attacked when the lower Armenian church, also filled with Armenian refugees, many of them sick, was set on fire and, as its frightened inmates rushed out, they were driven back by a continuous shower of bullets or slaughtered as they reached the streets.

Flames showed in the Protestant church, the Catholic Armenian church and schools and the Jesuit church and schools. As the darkness came on great columns of fire and smoke towered up.

Here, there, everywhere new fires appeared. The mob, assisted by soldiers and policemen, was systematically looting the Armenian quarter—the handsome, stone-built and prosperous part of the city—and deliberately destroying it by fire. The glare of hundreds and hundreds of blazing buildings lit the narrow streets, through which Armenians were hunted and killed without mercy.

Troops of Turks, Arabs and Circassians wrecked the Armenian houses, completely emptying them of their contents. The floors were torn up and every nook and cranny searched, so that no Armenian might be left alive and no treasure be overlooked. Then kerosene was poured out and the torch applied.

Several weeks afterwards I walked through the wrecked district, and it seemed as if some mighty convulsion of nature had occurred. That portion of Adana was utterly destroyed, and the stench of Christian corpses still buried under the mountains of broken masonry was eloquent of the as yet uncounted dead, while every few yards I saw an iron safe, torn open and empty.

All night, all day and all the next night the great fire continued to burn. The Jesuit school was swept away. Not a shot had been fired, not a blow struck by an Armenian, even in self-defence, throughout the massacre. The streets were filled with dead bodies. It is estimated that three thousand Christians

were murdered in the city after the Gregorian school was set on fire, including those who perished in the flames. The governor and the military commander even refused to allow the French and English naval officers to bring fire engines from their ships at Mersina to check the conflagration. Nor did they attempt to prevent their troops from joining in the work of murder and incendiarism. One officer openly admitted that he ordered his soldiers to fire on the Armenians on the ground that it was better military policy to have his men shoot under control than to have them take things into their own hands.

Whatever may be said about the provocation offered by a few hare-brained Armenians before the original outbreak in Adana, it is beyond question that the piteous massacre and pillage, which began with the attack on the defenceless Armenian school, was deliberate barbarism in which the Turkish provincial government was directly involved.

When I talked to the new governor of Adana about the tragedy in which not less than thirty thousand Christians were slain and as many more starving and homeless survivors thrown into refugee camps and asylums, to be fed, clothed and cared for by aliens, to say nothing of the wounded, he set his red fez on the back of his head, sprawled comfortably in his chair, seized the tube of his nargileh [Turkish pipe] by its blue velvet stem, thrust its fat amber mouthpiece between his big, flat teeth, crossed his slipped feet and puffed the tobacco slowly.

"It is a quarrel among ourselves," he said. "Both sides misunderstood the meaning of the Constitution. There was much foolish talk about liberty and equality. Speeches were made and feelings were hurt. The whole thing has been greatly exaggerated. It does not concern outside countries."

He rubbed his stomach, threw his head back, and laughed noiselessly.

"The American missionaries? Oh, they do much good in enlightening a part of the population. I recognize that, of course. But their teachers are altogether Christian. That is bad. No Turk will send his children to them, for they would be taught to make the sign of the cross. The teachers in the American schools should be half Moslem and half Christian. That would be a good arrangement, a very good arrangement. Then the benefits would not be confined to the Armenians."

Again he showed his teeth and laughed silently, rolling around in his chair.

"Things are not half so serious as they have been represented," he said. "See!"—spreading out a large sheet of paper covered with Turkish characters—"there were only five thousand, five hundred and thirty-eight killed in all. That is not so very bad, is it?"

Even the polite little Turkish official interpreter, who had been eyeing the gaudy chandelier overhead and struggling to keep a straight face, moved his eyes stealthily sideways to watch me, and gave himself up to the luxury of a catlike smile.

It was only when I drove out over the Cilician plain, escorted by two mounted Turkish soldiers and accompanied by the American consul, Mr. Nathan, with his official guard and interpreter, that the full horror of the devastation wrought by the Moslem hordes could be felt.

In the American missions at Mersina, Tarsus and Adana, in the desecrated churches, the fire-swept ruins, the emergency hospitals and the tented refugee camps, I had seen thousands of homeless women and children, many of them without a man of their blood left to protect them.

But in the country there was an unspeakable sense of desolation and death. All day long we drove past blackened, deserted farm-houses and burned villages. Hour after hour, mile after mile—new-made graves, unburied Christian bodies stripped of their flesh by the dogs, but not one Christian home spared.

It is a land of great beauty and extraordinary fertility. The rich black loam plain extends from the towering, snow-covered Taurus Mountains to the sea, and reaches for more than a hundred miles, with only one break of hills.

As far as the eye could see, fields of wheat, cotton, barley, sesame and oats covered the landscape, with here and there smiling green vineyards, groves of mulberry, almond and apricot trees, meadows brilliant with poppies, daisies and wild parsley, and thousands of larks singing endlessly.

The most prosperous farmers and land-owners, as well as the most successful, industrious and intelligent peasants of the plain, were the Armenians. They made the soil blossom. Their farm-houses were massive

stone structures and their villages were substantial, trim and dignified compared to those of Moslem population. While traveling over the country, there were times when the broad harvests and flat prospect suggested well-cultivated American prairie-farms.

All day long we passed abandoned crops. The owners were dead. The over-ripe wheat was dropping to the ground. The young cotton was choked by weeds. Here and there bands of Turks were gathering in Christian grain. In some cases the Moslem reapers had agreed to give half of the crop to such as were left of the Christian proprietors. No Christian dared to show himself in the fields, where decaying human bodies were still lying.

When we got to the stone village of Giaour Kur, or Christian village, we found it a mere heap of jumbled stones, with now and then a fire-scorched wall. Of its three hundred Christian inhabitants only twenty-five were saved.

The survivors said that when all the Christian ammunition was exhausted and some of the villagers tried to escape by night, a few women crept in among the reeds by the river in the hope that the mob would pass them by. As the poor mothers crouched in the darkness at the edge of the water they could hear the Moslems howling and searching for fresh victims. Nearer and nearer they came. The women threw themselves flat. When the babies began to cry the frantic mothers, madened by the fear of discovery, flung them one by one into the river to silence them.

On two neighboring farms I saw many bodies of Greeks still lying in the fields. Dogs had torn them. The skulls showed sword cuts. The great farm-houses had been destroyed and the herds driven away.

The thriving village of Ingerly was a waste. Its strong masonry was broken and scattered. So complete was the wreck that it might have been destroyed a century before. There were a few scowling Moslems lounging about the streets, which were so heaped with the remains of burned houses that we could hardly pass through them; but not one Christian could I find to tell the story of Moslem fury.

In the middle of the village was a large compound, and there we found several Turks smilingly camped on the roof of a small out-house. They were very amiable, made us sit cross-legged and drink coffee, and then, looking over the frightful waste that had once been the homes of more than five hundred

Christians—not to speak of several hundred laborers from outside—they admitted that some bad men from a great distance, mostly Circassians, had attacked Ingerly and had, they feared, killed thirty-one persons. The truth is that more than six hundred Christians were murdered in the village by their own neighbors.

Soon afterwards we reached Akarja, where a trembling group of survivors, Greeks, Syrians and Chaldeans, told us of the massacre of all the Christians in the place. A well ninety feet deep was filled to the top with bodies. Three thousand acres of growing cotton surrounding Akarja were abandoned to the weeds. So determined were the Moslems to destroy the place that they worked every day for a week, burning the buildings and overturning the stone walls.

Wherever we looked as we moved along the road it was the same. Every Christian house was destroyed. The only inhabitable houses belonged to Moslems. Language can hardly express the sense of desolation suggested by so many miles of lonely ruins in a sunlit country filled with fields of grain, each deserted house or village the scene of a massacre.

Occasionally a camel train paddled slowly along the road.

The fezged and turbaned groups here and there, in red and blue and dirty white costumes, which gathered in fragments of the crops in a lazy oriental way, took on a new and horrible aspect. These were the slayers of their Christian neighbors, innocent of wine, but capable of committing deliberate murder after a diet of cold cucumbers and lettuce. It is hard to understand how sober men, under any provocation, can kill women and children; and these Turks, Arabs, Kurds and Circassians are strong, manly-looking fellows, free from dissipation and accustomed to a simple out-of-doors life.

From the evidence of the few who escaped from the villages during the massacre, all agreeing that the Moslems continually called upon the name of the Prophet and cursed Christianity while slaying their victims; from the fact that in many places Moslem teachers or priests led the mobs with green banners in their hands and that the murderers invariably put on white turbans before beginning their deadly work; and from the earnest repetition, by Turks with whom I talked, of the story of a Christian kingdom to be established by the Armenians, I am convinced that the great massacre was the result of a deliberate plan

carefully worked out by the Mohammedan League under the sanction of Abdul Hamid. After seeing and talking with the country Moslems and looking upon the results of an insane fury that swept them into a savagery almost below the level of wild beasts, I cannot believe that either natural religious prejudice, or inherited and developed predatory instincts, or both, can account for what happened. Religion was a mere pretext for rousing the passions of the people; religion, racial dislike and jealousy served as the means through which the old Sultan worked out his scheme of political vengeance through the Mohammedan League.

In the village of Abdoglou, within sight of the historic Pyramus River, a solitary surviving Armenian, with a rosary in his trembling hands, guided us through an appalling wreck of burned houses, among which many bodies and bones were scattered and in the corner of one house, with the torn corpse of a murdered friend at his feet, he told us in awed whispers of what had happened.

Abdoglou was one of the most prosperous villages of the Cilician Plain, and at the time of the massacre it contained more than five hundred Christian inhabitants, in addition to which there were about five hundred outside Christian laborers drawn to the place for work in the crop season.

On the day of the first peace in Adana, when the whole country was thrilling with the Moslem plan for a general extermination of Christians, the leading Turks of the village sent to the military commander at Missis and induced him to give them rifles with which to defend the Armenians of Abdoglou against any invading mob. Through this trick the Moslems secured a large supply of arms and ammunition. Then they persuaded the Christian villagers to give up most of their weapons, solemnly promising to protect them. This was a common Moslem device employed all over the plain.

After disarming the Christians, the Moslems then began to pillage and burn their houses, and that night a swarm of armed horsemen from the surrounding district poured into the streets, shouting the Prophet's name and calling for the slaughter of all infidels. The victims shut themselves up in the four strongest houses of the village and for two days they kept their enemies out. But in time the houses were fired, the doors were beaten in with axes, and all who were not burned alive were shot or stabbed to

death, and their wives and daughters carried off. Seven carts were employed for a whole day in carrying the corpses to the banks of the Pyramus.

Up to that time there had not been the slightest sign of ill-feeling between the Moslems and Christians of Abdoglou.

In the journey of nearly fifty miles which I made the story was nearly always the same, and there was little variation in the experience of those who visited other parts of the destroyed country.

In Adana I asked one of the leading Moslem teachers, a mullah of great intelligence and influence, to explain the massacre. He was an old man, thin, white-haired, sharp-featured, a veteran who had given strong proof of his opposition to crime and his friendship for Christians. Pulling his turban down over his eyes and running his rosary through his wrinkled fingers, he expressed his admiration of the work done by the Christian missionaries and declared that, if he had dared to, he would have willingly sent his own daughters to Dr. Chambers' American school. He said that the thing which lay at the bottom of the massacre was the inability of Moslems to tolerate any challenge to the principle of Moslem supremacy.

"No constitution, no proclamation of equality between races and religions, can change the situation," he said. "The government cannot do what the Prophet himself could not do if he were here."

"Yet the Sheik-ul-Islam and many great doctors of the sacred law have told me that it was the religious duty of a Moslem to protect his Christian countryman," I said.

"Yes, yes, it is true. Nevertheless, things are as I tell you. The Moslems of this country—I speak of the ignorant millions and their leaders—will never accept the principle of Christian equality."

"But is it possible that the teachers of the Moslem religion cannot reach and influence the members of their faith?"

"The Sheik-ul-Islam himself, if he came here, could do nothing."

Then folding his arms and swaying from side to side, he told this fable:

"Once there was a lion who went hunting with a hyena and a fox. They captured a sheep, a goat and a hare. 'How shall we divide the spoil?' demanded the lion. The

hyena spoke first. 'You will eat the sheep, I will eat the goat and the fox will eat the hare,' he said. Thereupon the lion bit the hyena's head off. Then the lion turned to the fox. 'How shall we divide the spoil?' he asked. 'Well,' said the fox, 'you will eat the sheep for breakfast, then you will eat the goat for dinner, and at night the hare will do very well for your supper.' 'What put that in your mind?' asked the lion. 'The hyena's head,' answered the fox.

"And that illustrates the situation of Moslem and Christian in Asia Minor," added the wise old mullah.

It was the American government, under the leadership of John Hay, that saved China from dismemberment and brought the drifting diplomacy of Europe into line for a new and intelligent policy in Asia. The voice of the American people to-day can compel an initiative behind which the chivalry and humanity of the masses of Christian Europe would unite in a demonstration majestic enough to inspire fear, if not respect, even in the Moslem of Asia Minor.

After the slaughter of thirty thousand men, women and children, the execution of a few minor criminals, while hundreds of fully identified murderers and the men who set them on are allowed to go about gloating over their work, is a challenge to Christendom. If the Turkish government is not strong enough to prevent or punish widespread barbarism in Asia Minor, the great nations should take the work in hand, and America, free from any suspicion of political intrigue or conquest, should be the first to speak. The systematic extermination of Christians is as well worth international protest and international interference as the old questions of piracy and the slave trade, and although it may be true, as the Sheik-ul-Islam and the Grand Vizier assured me in Constantinople, that there is nothing in the true policy of Islam to justify or suggest attacks upon Christians, my investigations on the field of the last massacre have convinced me that unless the great Christian nations speak now, and speak in unmistakable language, and with a solemn pledge to back their words by deeds, the immense Christian population of Asiatic Turkey must continue to live in daily fear of their merciless Moslem oppressors.

Will America remain silent? Will Christendom abandon its plain duty?